

THE COMET.

VOL. I.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

NO. 12.

Of the summer flies that buzz about the Presidential lamp, McDonald is the stillest.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The star-eyed Goddess is reminded that this is leap year, and that Tilden is a bachelor.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Mr. Tilden uses an invisible net, but he tumbles the delegates in like shad on the shining sands.—*Philadelphia Times*.

If you have a field to rocky too be cultivated, not out an apple orchard, and in a few years you will have a handsome income from it.

The Republican who is kicked straight out of a Federal office, immediately ceases to be a straight-out Republican.

Hand-painted bonnets with parasols to match will be much worn at the watering places. Hand-painted complexions will be as much worn as usual.

While her arms were in the suds, the other day, a Rockland (Me) washerwoman received the welcome news that she had inherited a fortune of about fifteen thousand dollars.

658 bills have been introduced in the House of Representatives. At the present rate of progress, it will take all of this century and half of the next to consider and act upon them all.

There are 177 applications for divorce to come before the May term of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, and all but 32 of them are uncontested.

It is asserted that all the Maine Judges, with one exception, concur in ex-Chief Justice Appleton's condemnation of the proposed prohibition constitutional amendments.

Philadelphia has 562 establishments devoted to the making of men's and boys' clothing, in which are employed 9,191 men, 10,250 women and 934 children, turning out goods valued at \$31,220,068.

There are now in the Southern States, about 100,000 men, and six times as many women, who are engaged in the work of the cotton gin.

Colored Congressman O'Hara, of North Carolina, lives in good style in Washington, and has a white tutor for his children. He is a mulatto, a graduate of Harvard University, and a lawyer.

Jay Cooke, whose fortune was swept away by the crash of 1873, is today one of the wealthiest men of Pennsylvania. He has investments of iron, coal, gold and silver mines, and railroads reaching far into the millions.

Silver dimes of 1807 are worth thirty cents each. Ah, dear, it seems to us the last time we had must have been somewhere along in that year. But it was worth only ten cents then. Just our luck.

A Chicago paper enumerates these things which every man can do better than anyone else; Poke a fire, put on his hat, edit a newspaper, tell a story after another man has commenced it and examine a railway time table.

Already this spring, about four hundred new doctors have been finished and turned loose upon the country by the Philadelphia medical colleges. They are not considered any more dangerous than the vintage of '83.

"Avaricious sociables" are the rage in Pottawatomie county, Iowa. Each young lady is weighed on entering the dining-room and her escort pays for her supper at the rate of half a cent a pound on her weight.

The largest book ever made at the Government Printing-office, in Washington, has just been finished. It is bound in sheep skin and Russia leather, is 1 foot and 4 inches in breadth, contains 10,000 pages, and weighs 140 pounds.

A veiled lady waited at the capitol several hours, the other day, for the purpose of coqueting a member of Congress whose name she would not disclose. As her face could not be seen, the alarm among Congressmen must have been general.

An enthusiastic lady who visited Fitzgerald, the pedestrian, says that his eyes looked "like roses washed in dew." She didn't say anything about his feet, but the chances are that they looked about like squashes bathed in ammonia.

"What's a wink?" asked the teacher. "It's the thing you mean your soda water with," replied the new boy, who was as smart as he was annoying. But the teacher marked him away down and pretended not to understand.

Earl D. Hathaway, a boy 3 years old, in Oriskany Falls, Oneida County, is of the fifth living generation of his family, his mother being 24 years old, his grandmother 47, his great-grandmother 72, and his great-great-grandmother 94 years old.

On his recent birthday anniversary the Kaiser Wilhelm received as a present the sword of general von Seydlitz, the victor of Rossbach and Zorndorf. It was presented to him by the last surviving scion of Von Seydlitz's line, himself an old man.

Sara Bernhardt is learning to play the flute. Before beginning to practice she always ties a red ribbon around her left ankle and anchors the other end to the leg of the piano, so that unless the ribbon breaks there is no danger of her getting lost in the cavernous recess of the instrument.

Governor Cleveland, of New York, has in his hands, for signature, a bill providing that all telegraph, telephone and electric light wires in New York and Brooklyn must go underground before November 1, 1885. If companies fail to obey the city authorities are required to remove the wires.

Gov. Cleveland is severely censured for commuting the death sentence of Mrs. Haight, of Syracuse. Her hair was said to have grown gray during her confinement in jail. After being assigned to her cell in the penitentiary, Mrs. Haight quietly removed a wig, disclosing a head of rich brown hair.

The Princess Krapothine, whose husband is now languishing in jail because of his Anarchist views, is as much of a radical as he is, and equally devoted to science. She graduated from the University of Geneva, and is now studying medicine, with the view of becoming an M. D.

The pitcher of the Clipper team in a game on Walnut Hills Sunday lost two finger-nails and had two teeth knocked out, was hit on the side of the head with a foul tip and fell over a precipice nearly twenty feet high running after a foul ball. He lost the greater part of his pants in the fall, but got up and finished the game in his position.

Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, who is living in retirement in the Massachusetts house of correction, will be carried back to days of old when she reads how Ferdinand Ward conducted the investment business. Mrs. Howe must concede that the art has been considerably improved since she was a leading spirit in that line.

It is getting dangerous to inquire after a man's health. Joseph Frazies, of Muncie, Indiana, replied to the kind greeting of his friend Wesley Hupp, by a shot from his revolver which stretched the latter dead at his feet. In view of this new fashion in social calls, it would be interesting to know how Mr. Morrison would receive a visit from his friend, Mr. Randall.

James Winters, a farmer, was stung to death by buffalo gnats near Helena, Ark., a few days ago. While he was at work in a field the gnats swarmed up and enveloped him. Their stings becoming unbearable, he started for home at full speed. All remedies failed to relieve him, and he died in a short time in great agony, his face and neck having turned almost black.

Talking once with General Sherman, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke said: "Oh, General, there is something I want to ask you; something I ought to know." "Well what is it?" inquired the General. "I don't know," said the other; "I can't think what it is, but I am sure there is something you know that I don't know, and I ought not to let so good an opportunity of asking it go by unimproved." But it did go by.

Ladies handkerchiefs this season in Paris match the gown, so that if your gown is made of a material with a design of rosebuds, or trimmed with rosebud embroidery, you should have a handkerchief with a rosebud border. If your gown is brown tweed your handkerchief should have a brown border, and if your dress is made of striped material your handkerchief should have a border striped to match. The latest novelties in men's handkerchiefs have a border of little red or black devils in grotesque attitudes.

While nobody with a level head ever expected that Ben Butler would decline a nomination for President, no matter by whom made, the General gets the doubts of those who don't know him yet at rest by a letter accepting the nomination of the anti-monopolists. The epistle accepts both the nomination and the platform in each and every particular. And now if there are any more nominations and any more platforms waiting to be accepted the genial ex-Governor is big-hearted enough to accept them all and ask no questions. While he is opposed to other folks' monopolies in general he wouldn't object to having a monopoly of Presidential nominations himself by any means. The General got to be Governor of Massachusetts once by monopolizing a good many nominations and he is willing to accept a Presidency on the same terms.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Queen Victoria has allowed a local photographer to take a group of herself, her daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany, her granddaughter, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and her great-granddaughter, the Princess Fedora, of Saxe-Meiningen, aged five years, a group which includes four generations in the female line.

It is a settled fact, from the reports of rescued passengers, that the lights of the steamship State of Florida and of the bark Ponema were seen from each other's decks for half an hour previous to the collision. Nothing shows more clearly the murderous negligence which caused the loss of the two ships with so many valuable lives.

A Philadelphian sent a postal card to his sister in Canada, on which he had written 664 words. She answered with 714 words. Not to be outdone he crowded in 1,003, which brought an answer with 1,526 words spelt out in full and written plain enough to be easily read by persons of ordinary good sight. He thinks he will send her a new spring bonnet and call it square.

What is the great "moral" of the Grant & Ward failure, my son? Why it is this: every fellow in America who never owned \$50 at one time in all his life, and is in a chronic state of debt to his landlord and grocer, will neglect his work two or three hours a day to explain the causes of the failure, how easily it might have been avoided, and expatiate upon the perils and wickedness of stock gambling and reckless speculation.

Bob Ingersoll continues to "go for" the Bible with undiminished vigor. Keep it up, Robert! It does no harm to the Bible and it enables you to put money in your pocket. If it would pay you as well to advocate the Bible, you would do so. You have no prejudices, Robert. You are a business man, you are. As a business man you defend star-route thieves, and as a business man you assault religion. Go on, Bobby!

Death of a Belgian Literature.
BRUSSELS, May 22.—The death of Salomon Louis Hymans, the distinguished Belgian literature and publicist, is announced. He was born May 3, 1829, began his career as an author when only sixteen, and throughout his life was very prolific in many different fields of literature. He was connected with various newspapers and for the greater part of his life was prominent in politics.

The Boston Herald's Libel Suit.
BOSTON, May 24.—Rev. Father Boniface, an Italian Catholic Priest, has entered a suit against the Boston Herald for \$100,000, for libel. Last Saturday the Herald published a column article charging the Reverend gentleman with misapplying funds of the St. Leonard's Church, of this city. Father Boniface denies the charge and has sued the Herald for the amount mentioned above.

A Rapid Printing Telegraph.
The McCausland printing telegraph was exhibited at 132 Market street yesterday before a large body of electrical experts from New York, Baltimore and Boston. The machine is operated entirely independent of clockwork and readily runs 100 to 120 revolutions per minute. It can be adapted to one or two wires. The letter and figure wheels being fastened to the same shaft admit of very rapid revolution. The exhibition was successful. The machine will be a feature in the coming electrical exhibition.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The Fashion in Sunsets.
"What has become of our wonderful crimson sunsets, I wonder?" said Tom.
"Why," replied Laura, thoughtfully, looking up from the Bazar, "I suppose they have all gone out of style. Everything is very quiet and elegant this spring. I knew those winter sunsets were too high-colored to last long. They might do for the evening," she said presently, in a reflective mood, "but they were too loud for the streets."
And, bending over the description of a new walking suit, she did not see Tom, fallen from his chair, staring wildly at her, and painfully gasping for breath.

CHATTANOOGA, May 22.—Andrew Mitchell, a young boy, was instantly killed at a lawn party near the city to-night by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his friend Jeff. Lee. Lee pointed the gun at Mitchell saying, "I am going to slay you," and added, "this gun is not loaded." Both barrels were discharged, the contents entering Mitchell's thigh, and producing instant death.
News reached the city to-day that Saml P. Irvin, editor of the Athens Post, had formally declared his intention of becoming a candidate before the Congressional Convention of this district.

The Ages of Presidents.

The occurrence of President Arthur's birthday, last Friday, suggests a glance at the ages of the other twenty Presidents. Death has made four Presidents, John Tyler in 1841, when he was 51; Millard Fillmore in 1850, when he was 50; Andrew Johnson in 1865, when he was 57; and Chester A. Arthur in 1881, when he was 51. Of the four Presidents who have died in office, Garfield was the youngest when inaugurated, being but 50, Harrison died a month after his inauguration in 1841, at 68; General Taylor sixteen months after his inauguration in 1849, at 66; and Lincoln four years and a little more than a month after his first inauguration in 1861, at 56. It is interesting to notice that while Lincoln and Garfield died most tragic deaths, President Harrison's death was the result of a cold he caught while going to market, and Gen. Taylor's the result of eating cherries and drinking cold milk after sitting in the hot sun an hour during the Fourth of July exercises at the Washington monument.

Washington was 58 when first inaugurated in this city ninety-three years ago; John Adams, the first college-bred President, was 61 when inaugurated; Thomas Jefferson, who was educated at the College of William and Mary and in range of knowledge is thought to compare favorably with Burke, was 58; James Madison, a graduate of Princeton, was 58; James Monroe, who left the College of William and Mary to join the Revolutionary Army, was 59; John Quincy Adams, who like John Adams was a Harvard graduate, was 58; Andrew Jackson was 62; Martin Van Buren was 55; James K. Polk, who graduated at the University of North Carolina, was 50; Franklin Pierce, who graduated at Bowdoin College, was 49; James Buchanan, a graduate of Dickinson College, was 66; Gen. Grant, the only man West Point has trained for the White House, was 47, and Rutherford B. Hayes, was 55. Thirteen of the Presidents, including Garfield, a graduate of Williams College, and Arthur, who graduated at Union College in 1848, have been college-bred men, but they reached the goal of their ambition no earlier in life than the Presidents whose educational advantages were more limited. President Harrison graduated at Hampden Sidney College, and President Tyler at the College of William and Mary.

Gen. Grant was the youngest of the Presidents at the time of inauguration, although he is now about six months older than ex-President Hayes, and eight and a half older than President Arthur. If he lives as long as the elder Adams, he has almost thirty years before him. Five Presidents have lived more than eighty years, John Adams dying at 90, Jefferson at 83, Madison at 85, John Q. Adams at 81 and Van Buren at 80. Polk is the only President who died a natural death at less than 80 years of age, reaching but 54. Lincoln was cut off at 56 and Garfield at 51. The former would be but 73 were he now living. It is evident that the office of Chief Executive is not unfavorable to longevity.

A Lover of the Antique.

Mrs. Limoges is very bric-a-brac in her tastes, but is not very ready to pay her bills. The other day the grocery man called:
"Can I see Mrs. L.?" he said to the servant.
"What do you want?"
"I've got a bill here for some groceries she bought last month."
"Only a month old?" asked the girl, in surprise.
"Ain't that old enough?"
"No, sir, it is not. Mrs. Limoges, I'd have you know, is a lover of the antique, and should see a bill only a month old, she would have a fit of nervous prostration."
"Well that beats the deuce. When shall I come?"
"Oh, sometime in the future. The older the bill gets the better; but don't you ever dare to come around with any of those vulgar new bills, that the stains of time have never touched," and she slammed the door in his face.

Too True.

They were sitting on the sofa in the parlor. She was a young lady of the period, expensive attired and wore bangs.
He was her affianced, an economical young man, in short, a plain, everyday sort of a fellow.
He dared to venture the remark that he "believed in leaving everything precisely the same as the divine hand of Providence had moulded it."
"Do you really, Charlie?" she asked.
"Yes," he continued, "remember, my dear, Eve never wore bangs."
"No, Charlie, that's so; in fact, Eve never wore anything much to speak of."
And now Charlie wonders if she meant it that way.

Garfield Writing with Both Hands.

A gentleman who knew Garfield well tells a story of that remarkable man: "We were sitting," said the gentleman, "in the office of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, waiting to be heard on some matter of routine business, when Garfield took his seat at a vacant desk near by and commenced writing with both hands upon scratch pads on either side of him. He seemed to write with one hand as freely as with the other. Both hands, in fact, appeared to move automatically. The only difference was that the lines on the tablet written with the left hand were reversed from the usual order. The consequence was that the writing on the left hand tablet could not be read except by an expert, or by holding it up to a light or before a mirror. I looked at the one written with the left hand on its upper side, and while the lines seemed remarkable uniform, they conveyed no meaning, but holding the thin paper up to the light, I saw not only that the words written were the same as those on the tablet written with the right hand, but that every peculiarity in the formation of a letter which was found on the right-hand tablet was exactly reproduced on the left hand. The achievement was a marvel to me, as I had never heard of it before, although I have since heard that many people do it. Garfield said that he often wrote that way whenever he wished to preserve an exact copy of what he was writing without having a copy made by letter-press, and that in this manner he saved a great deal of time without any more appreciable fatigue. I asked him how he got into the habit. He said that while teaching school once he had occasion to use his hand to point out something, and that unconsciously he kept on writing upon the blackboard with his left. Upon turning to the blackboard to look at what he had written, he observed that the writing was reversed, but that he had full use of his left hand for writing, and from that time he made use of both hands. He was, in fact, completely ambidextrous."—*Washington Letter to Boston Journal*.

Artillery Ordered to New Iberia.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—The Washington Artillery has been ordered by Gov. McEnery to proceed to the town of New Iberia to-morrow to prevent threatened bloodshed at the election. F. L. Gates, Democrat, was elected over the present incumbent, T. J. Fontenot, who refused to surrender the office, alleging that Gates was not fairly elected two days ago. In view of Fontenot's illegal and threatening attitude the Judiciary Committee of the House reported articles of impeachment against him, which were adopted, thereby operating his immediate suspension from office. Gates has been commissioned, and it is understood that he will take his seat on the bench in New Iberia Monday. Fontenot's friends have surrounded the court-house and say Gates shall not occupy the bench. In view of this threatening situation the militia have been ordered out. Judge Gates will be inducted into office and the Fontenot crowd will be ejected from the court-house at the point of the bayonet if necessary. It is hoped the presence of troops will prevent further trouble.

No Doubt.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—An Evening Post special from Columbus says: "A letter from Senator John Sherman in reply to a letter from a business man, not a politician, on his chances for the presidential nomination says: 'I have not thought my nomination probable, nor have I sought to influence the action of the convention. If my nomination comes, it will be all the more grateful, if unsought. I will then try to meet the responsibilities. If not, I shall be content without disappointment. It could hardly be expected that the Republicans, of a State as large as Ohio, should all have the same choice, especially for one who has been compelled to take so active a part in politics; still the general good will of the delegation seems to be assured, and no one, it could be fairly considered an enemy. If they all were entirely united they could easily nominate me.'"

Democratic Success.

RICHMOND, May 22.—The election in Danville passed without disturbance. The Democratic or white party nominees were elected. Captain W. P. Graves beats J. H. Johnston, the present incumbent, for Mayor by 402 votes. The Democrats elect the municipal ticket in Portsmouth by an increased majority. In Norfolk the Democrats elect the Mayor and members of the Common Council, but the rest of the tickets is doubtful. In this city there was little interest in the election. All the Democratic city officers and members of the City Council nominated at the late primary were elected without opposition.

A Serious Joke.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 24.—At Nethkensville, three young girls intended to play an innocent practical joke on Arthur Knowlton, a rather airy young clerk in the principle general store in town. To this end they liberally seasoned a pie with a white powder, which they supposed to be epsom salts, but which turned out to be a deadly drug. At a picnic the clerk ate heartily of the pie, but his sickness took another and an alarming direction from what the girls expected. He eventually recovered, and the next day met one of the girls. He cut a switch from a bush by the roadside, and whipped her severely for her share in his torture. She ran home crying with pain, rage and mortification. Her brother took her part, and that night tarred and feathered young Knowlton. Last night one of the brothers, while walking in the street, was shot and instantly killed by some one unknown. The whole community has taken sides, and much bloodshed is feared.

Salmon from the Pacific Coast.

The first of eight refrigerator cars, designed for bringing salmon from Portland, Oregon, to the New York market, arrived on Monday last. With the car was an attendant who kept the temperature about twenty degrees above zero. Salmon delivered at the car cost five cents a pound, and the freight charges across the Continent were about seven cents a pound. Retail in this city at about twenty cents a pound, the enterprise will be remunerative. The fish were packed in boxes, with crushed ice over and under them. Six or seven salmon were in each box, and 100 boxes made a car load. The car was pulled to St. Paul in a passenger train, and thence by freight to New York. Arrangements are making to send the cars the entire distance on the passenger schedule, reducing the time from nine to seven days.

A Mob After A Murderer.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Alderman Michael Gaynor, who was shot by a "tough" named Jim Dacey, in a saloon on the night of May 13, died this morning. Gaynor has been a member of the City Council for four years.
Crape on the door attracted the attention of a large crowd, which started for the station house to find the murderer. When the mob reached the station it was several thousand strong. Captain Bonfield spoke from the steps of the station house, assuring the crowd that the prisoner was not within. The mob then moved direct to the dead man's dwelling, all approaches to which were thronged. The police regard the situation with alarm. The ward is a rough one and the deceased has thousands of friends who are easily excited and accustomed to act without deliberation. The police declare that the murderer has been hid where he cannot be found by the mob in years.

The New Cable.

ROCKFORD, MASS., May 22.—The arrival of the Faraday was greeted by a thousand people and firing cannon. The shore end was landed and will be connected with a section previously buoyed 250 miles east of Rockport. The citizens tendered a reception to the officers but it was declined till the cable is completed. When the Faraday steams away, this afternoon, she will proceed to the buoy, 250 miles northeast, where she will splice the cable, thus making a complete circuit from Dover Bay to Rockport.

Conspicuous for His Absence.

ERIE, Pa., May 22.—It is now a certainty that the fugitive President of the Erie County Savings Bank, Adam Brabender, and cashier, R. Pettit, have used up all the funds of the bank in speculation. There is no trace of Brabender and the depositors are awaiting the action of the stockholders before offering a reward for his capture.

The Thoughtful Husband.

It is not good for a married couple to belong to different churches, as is the case of Col. McSpillkins and his wife. He attends the Central Presbyterian Church, but she is a Free Will Baptist. Religious disputes are quite common between them, and when there is a fearful row in their house, the neighbors know that they are discussing the question of predestination, or the fall from grace, or something of the kind.
A few mornings ago McSpillkins made his wife so mad, that she chased him out of the house with a chair.
"Yes, McSpillkins," she said, "you may sneer at the Free Will Baptists, but I'll get to heaven long before you will."
"I hope so, Molly. I only wish you were there already," replied McSpillkins, with a malicious smile, as he lifted himself over the fence by his bootstraps.

Madame Eve gave the first garden party.

England has a thousand female doctors. Well, it's pleasanter to die by a gentle hand.

Before do I got married I made an idol of mine from now she was idle all der while.

"I'm suffering from room-mate-ism," remarked the man in a hotel room with ten other men.

Justice is blind, but not so much so as the man who goes to law with the idea that he is sure to get justice.

A physician in this city announces by card that during the banana season broken legs will be set at a reduced rate to families.

Some men are very reckless. The papers record lots of marriages, and yet the spring house-cleaning season hasn't fairly commenced.

The new express steamer does not stop to relieve people in distress at sea. Persons contemplating shipwreck should remember this fact.

The author of the song "Why did They Dig Pa's Grave so Deep?" evidently did not live anywhere in the vicinity of a medical college.

"She loved not wisely, but to swell," remarked a discarded lover on passing his old girl dressed in a seal skin sash and learning on the arm of her husband.

Many men owe their success in this world to having learned to say "No" at the proper time. Remember this when the girls make leap-year proposals.

The Khedive of Egypt wants to borrow \$4,000,000. Sorry, but we left it in our other pants. This habitual carelessness of ours will cost us a heap of money some day.

He Hadn't.

"Have you got fifty cents?" said a beggar to a surly passer-by.
"No, I haven't got fifty cents."
"Well, have you got twenty-five cents?"
"No, I haven't."
"Have you got ten cents?"
"No."
"Have you got any sense at all?"
"No—yes—what's that? Get out, or I'll knock your face off."
The beggar got out, chuckling.

The Way to Work it.

Dumley wanted to stand his land-lady off for a couple of weeks' board, and so at the breakfast table he said in a loud tone of voice:
"Ah, Mrs. Hendricks?"
"Yes, Mr. Dumley."
"Ah, will you be kind enough to pour a little cold water in my coffee? It is too strong and hot."
After breakfast she said:
"Certainly, Mr. Dumley, I will accommodate you willingly."

A Just Cause.

"Good morning," said a tall, gangling young fellow coming into this office Wednesday morning, "are you the editor?"

"Yes, sir," replied the person addressed, with the politeness of a man who expected a subscription paid up.

"Well, sir, I have a grievance."
"All right; the press is always ready to remedy such evils. What's wrong now?"

"I want to write a card. I'm from Newport, Ky., sir, and I may be almighty darn green, but when a lot of giddy girls pin a card on my back with 'Keep off the Grass' written on it in big letters and I go around town all morning with it hanging to me, I think the limit has been reached and the matter becomes a subject for newspaper comment. Therefore I desire to write a card, and a strong one too."

He backed out when informed that it would cost him twenty-five cents a line.

He Couldn't Fail.

A New York drummer the other day ran across a retail grocer in this State who had been in the business and in the same store for thirty-four continuous years.

"And don't you ever fail?" asked the drummer?
"How could I?"

"Why, any business man can fail." "Perhaps they can; but when a fellow can't get credit for over \$75 before they draw on him, I don't see the object in shutting up shop."

"And didn't you take advantage of the panic?"

"Not a copper; I didn't owe anything, and the only goods which went up were clothespins and codfish, and I was short on both."

"Never got burned out?"

"Never. Every fire jumps right over me, no freshest comes within ten feet of my walls, and the only cyclone we ever had missed me by forty rods. I tell you, stranger, when I think how honest I've been obliged to be, it makes me shudder."